

# AVENGERS FOREVER



**AARON  
KUDER  
GURU-eFX**



And there came a day, a day unlike any other, when the mightiest Avengers of many Earths found themselves united against a common threat--to fight the foes no single universe could withstand!

# AVENGERS FOREVER



THOR



GHOST RIDER



DEATHLOK



ANT-MAN

The **Multiversal Masters of Evil**, a group comprised of the deadliest villains of their respective worlds, have been making their way through the Multiverse, conquering countless universes. An unlikely group of **Avengers** from different realities has formed to oppose the villains: **Robbie Reyes**, the All-Rider from Earth-616, a **Deathlok** dispatched by the mysterious **Avenger Prime** and **Tony Stark**, the **Ant-Man** of Earth-818. They have been traveling together through various realities in search of new and surprising allies.

## The Pillars, Part Three "The Fists of the Unworthy"

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**EARTH-56337.**  
**THE HIMALAYAS.**

THE SHERPA TOLD  
THE CLIMBER HE  
WAS *INSANE*.

"THIS MOUNTAIN IS LONG *CURSED*,"  
HE SAID. "NO ONE WHO VENTURES TO  
THE SUMMIT HAS EVER RETURNED."

"THAT SOUNDS *PERFECT*,"  
THE CLIMBER SAID AS HE  
STAGGERED OFF ALONE.

AND ONCE HE'D  
ASCENDED AS FAR  
AS HE COULD...

...HE LAID DOWN IN  
THE UNTRAMPLED  
SNOW...

...AND FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN  
MANY CENTURIES...



...*THOR*,  
THE LAST GOD  
OF ASGARD...

...KNEW  
*PEACE*.





IT DID NOT  
LAST LONG.



no.



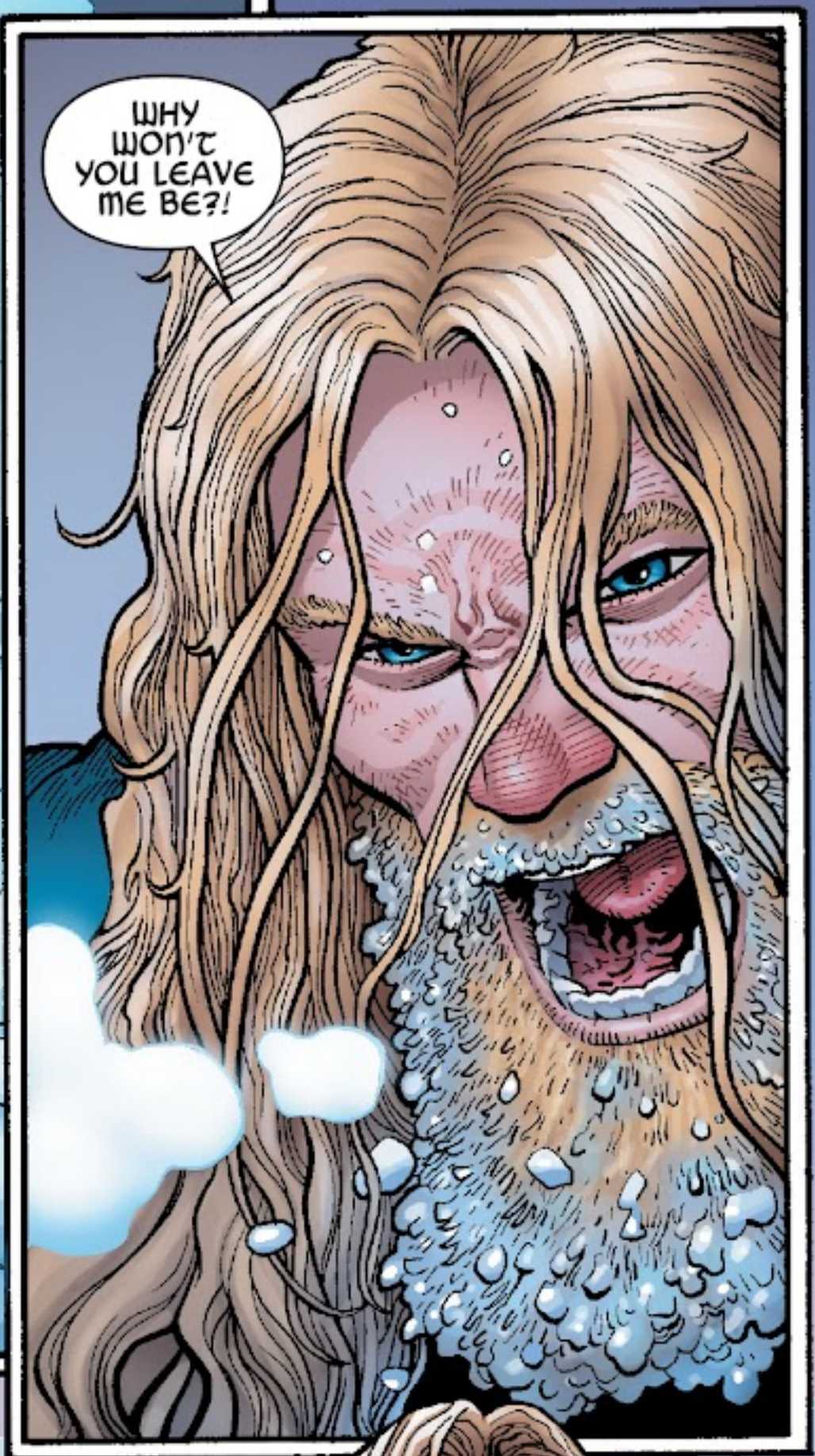
THOOM





MJOLNIR.  
YOU...  
BASTARD.

EVEN  
HERE YOU  
HOUND  
ME.



WHY  
WOULDN'T  
YOU LEAVE  
ME BE?!



WHY...  
WHY DO YOU  
INSIST  
ON MOCKING  
ME?



WHY???

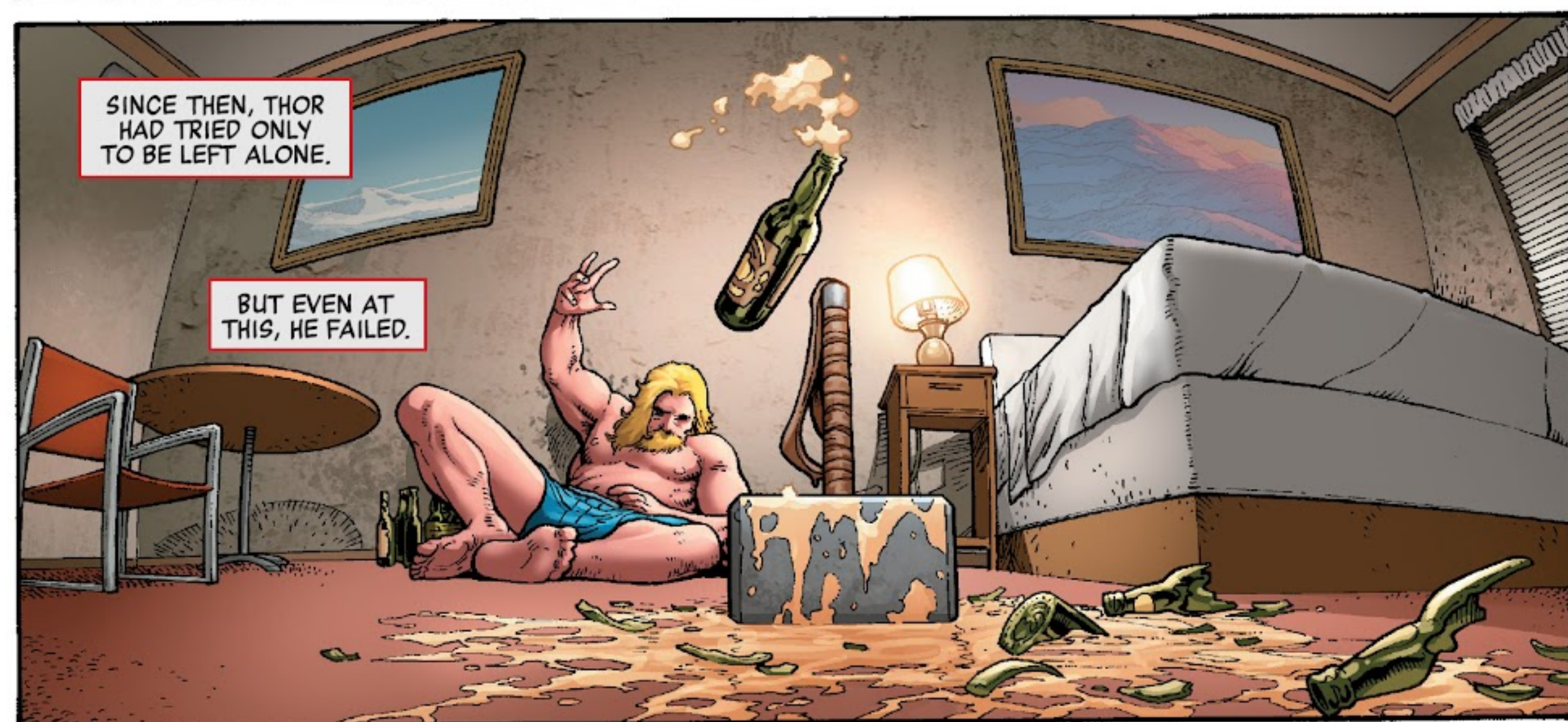
HHHRRRGGGH!

THE THOR OF  
EARTH-56337 STRAINED  
TO LIFT THE ENCHANTED  
HAMMER THAT WAS  
MEANT TO BE HIS.

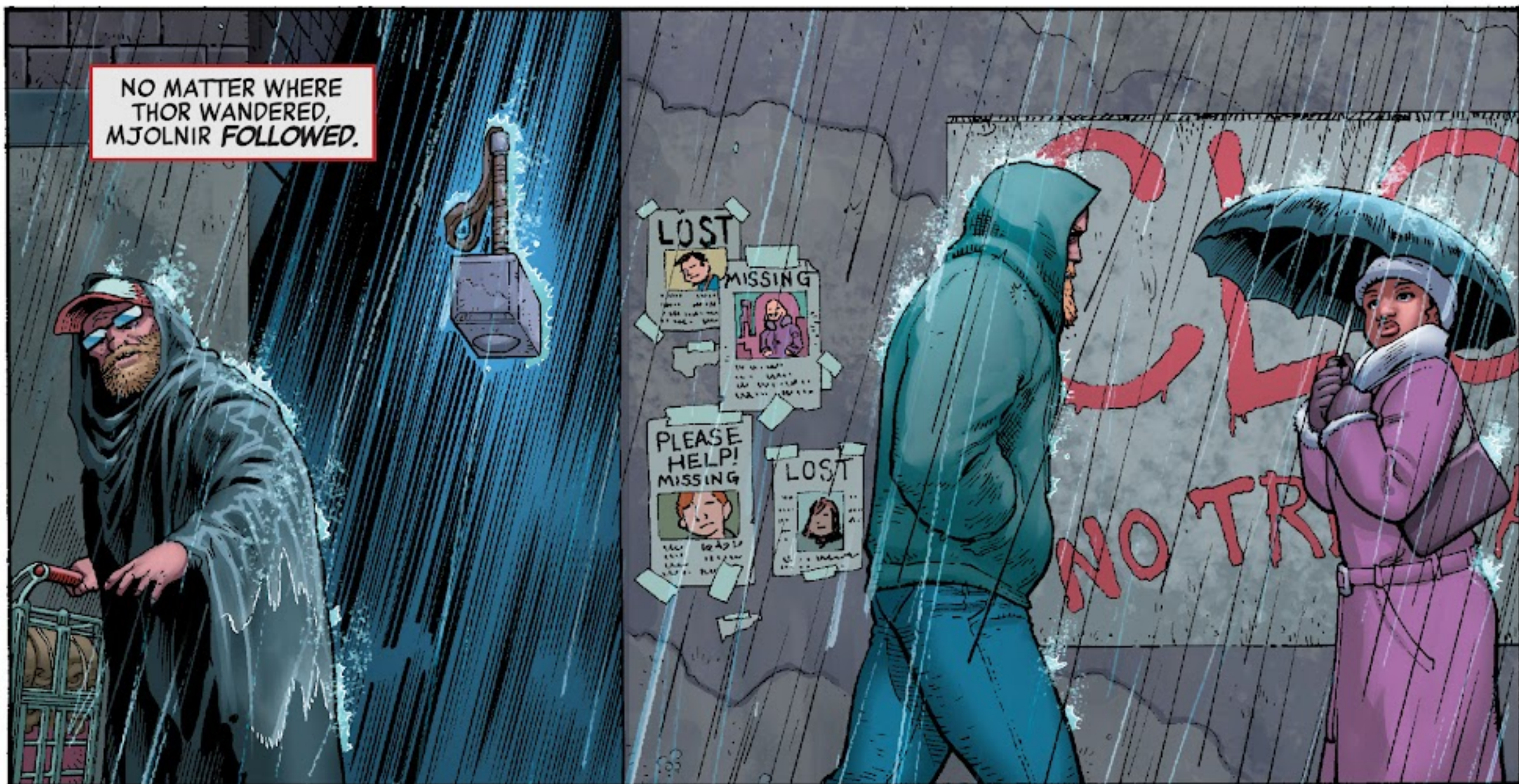
THE HAMMER THAT  
SHOULD'VE CARRIED  
HIM BETWEEN REALMS,  
BETWEEN GLORIES  
UNIMAGINABLE.

HE STRAINED AND  
FAILED. FOR PERHAPS THE  
FIVE THOUSANDTH TIME.

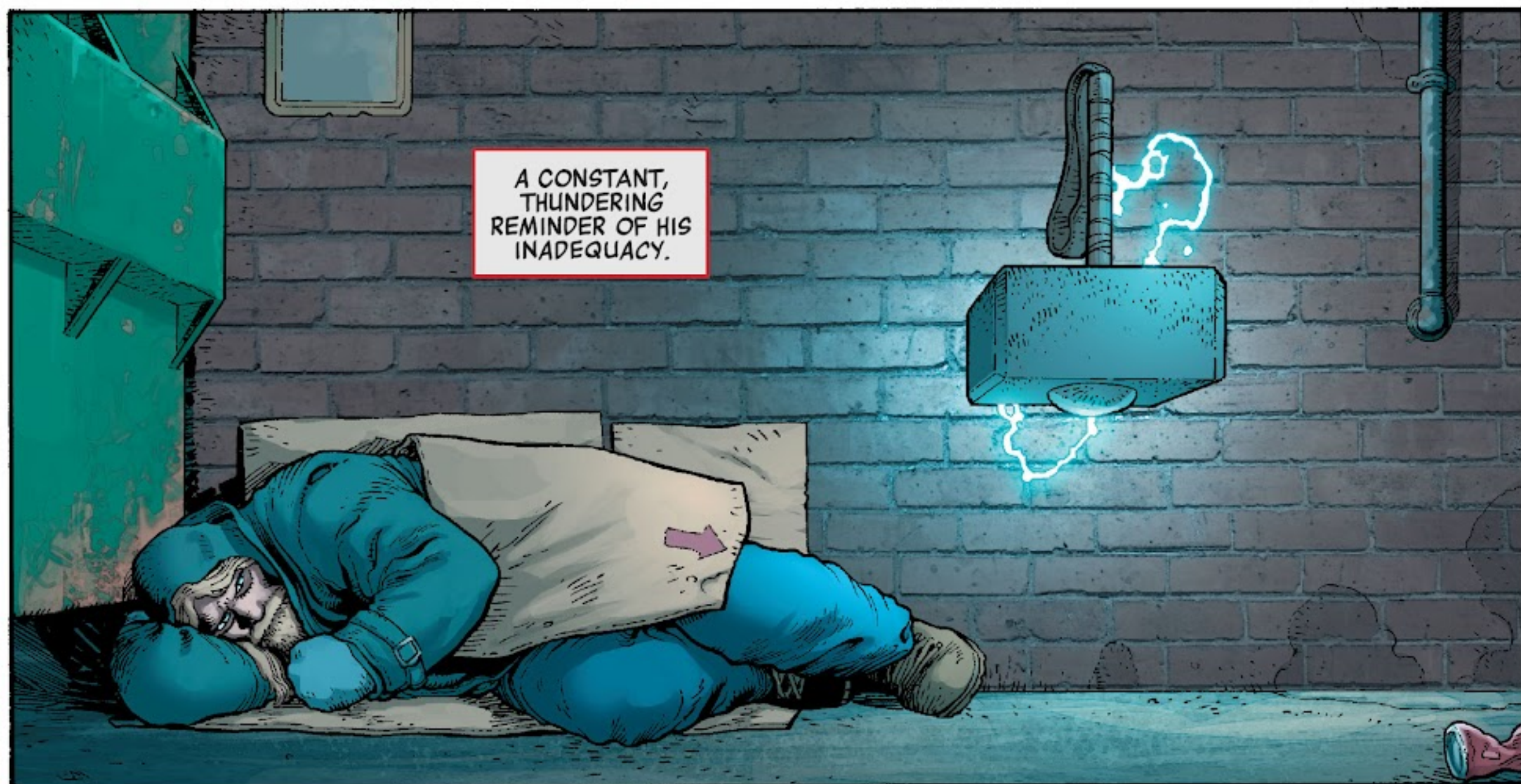




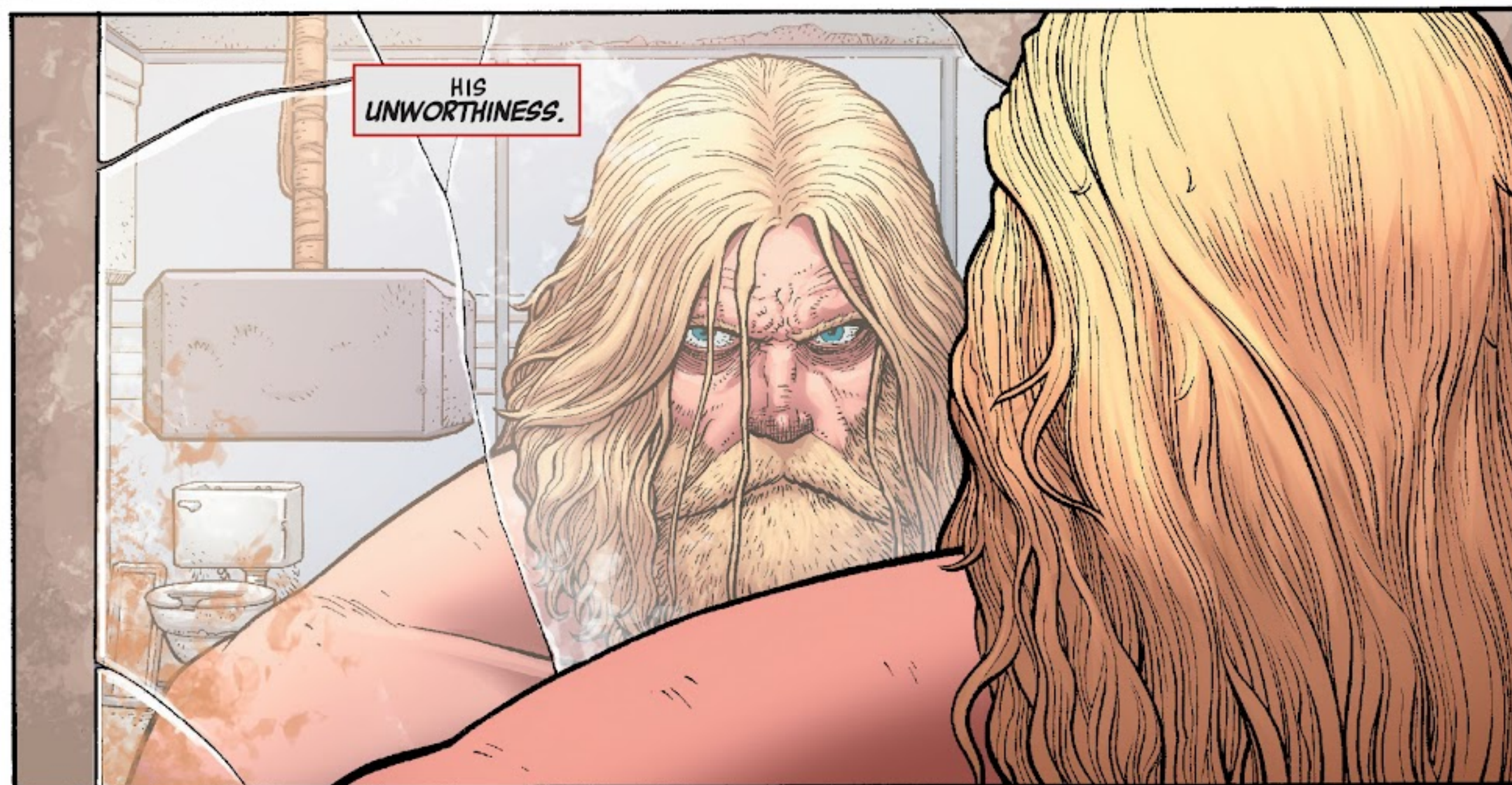




NO MATTER WHERE  
THOR WANDERED,  
MJOLNIR *FOLLOWED*.

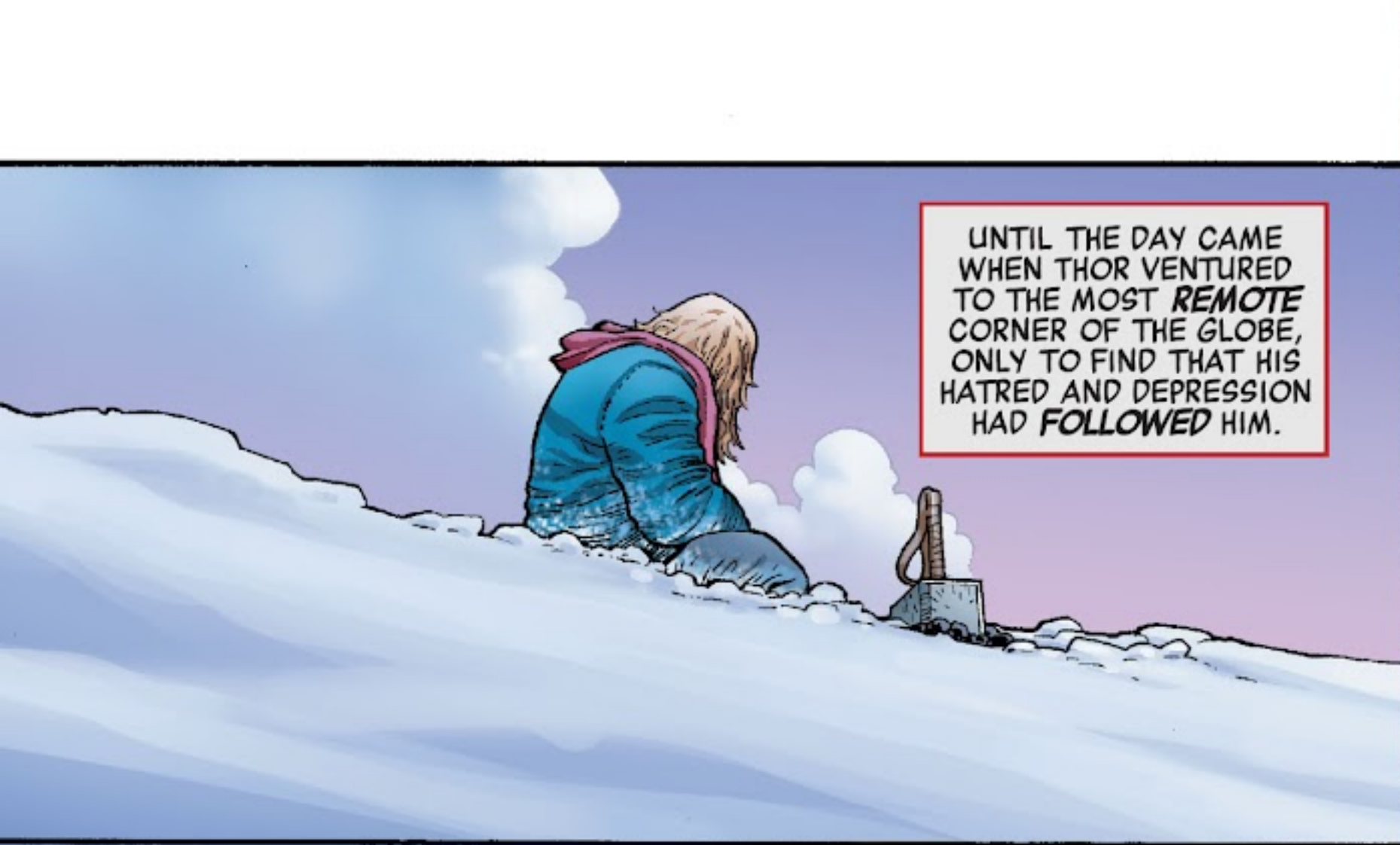


A CONSTANT,  
THUNDERING  
REMINDER OF HIS  
INADEQUACY.

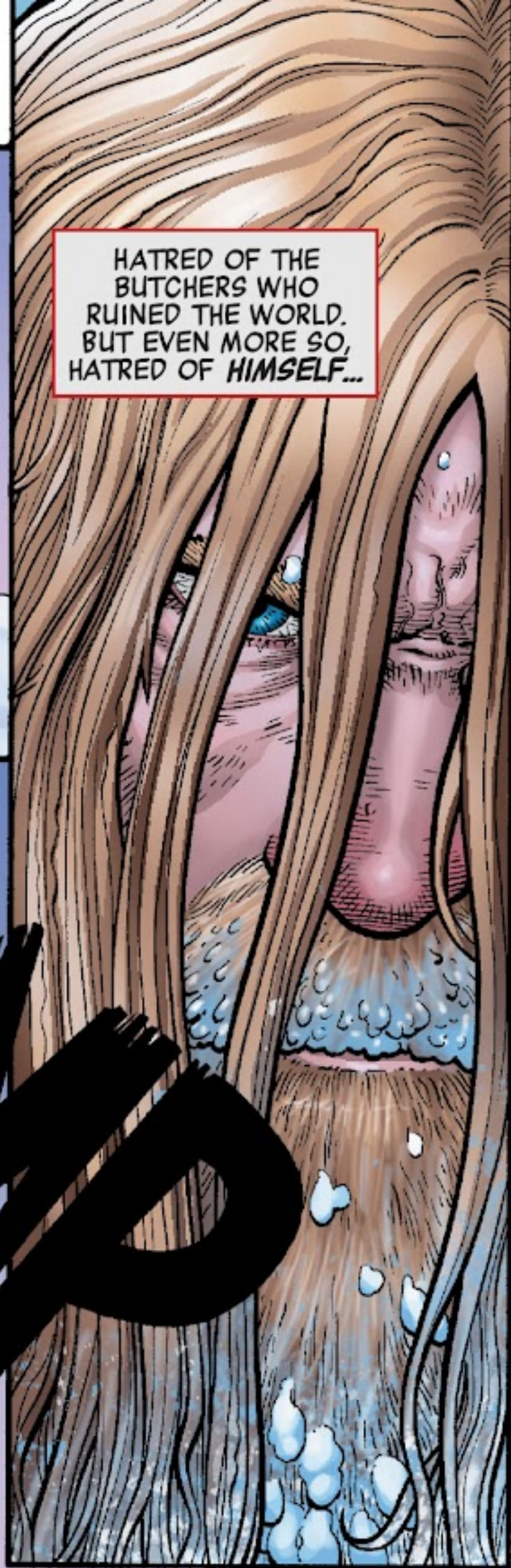


HIS  
UNWORTHINESS.





UNTIL THE DAY CAME  
WHEN THOR VENTURED  
TO THE MOST **REMOTE**  
CORNER OF THE GLOBE,  
ONLY TO FIND THAT HIS  
HATRED AND DEPRESSION  
HAD **FOLLOWED** HIM.



HATRED OF THE  
BUTCHERS WHO  
RUINED THE WORLD.  
BUT EVEN MORE SO,  
HATRED OF **HIMSELF**...



...AND HIS  
OWN DAMNED  
HAMMER.

RRRRGH!



THAT IS  
**NOT** HOW  
TO THROW  
A PUNCH.





YOU PUNCH  
WITH **RAGE**,  
NOT WITH  
FOCUS.

SUCH A  
BLOW HURTS  
**YOU** FAR MORE  
THAN THE THING  
YOU STRIKE.

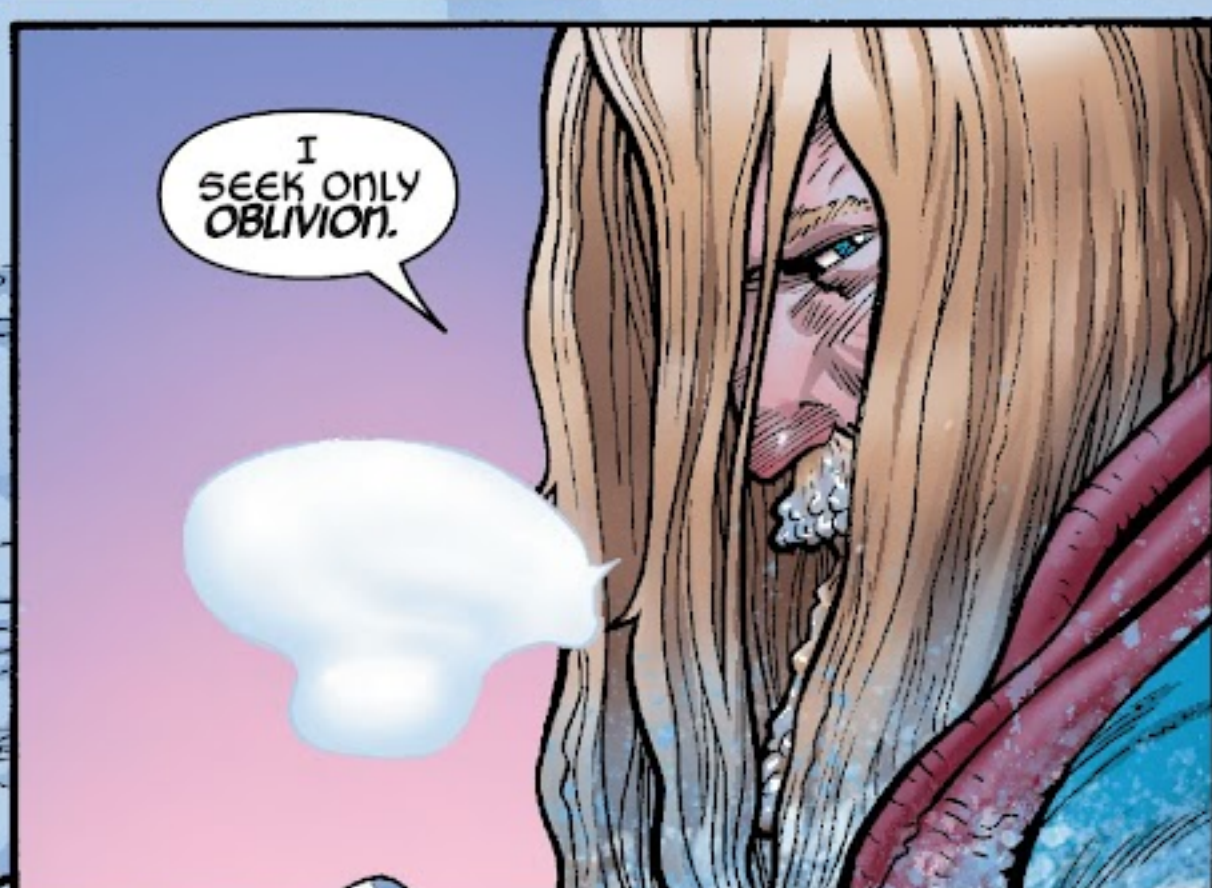
THOUGH  
PERHAPS THAT IS  
YOUR GOAL.



WHO THE  
HEL ARE  
YOU?

**LEI-KUNG  
THE THUNDERER**,  
GUARDIAN OF K'UN-LUN  
AND ITS ANCIENT  
SECRETS.

HAVE YOU  
COME SEEKING  
**ENLIGHTENMENT**?  
IF SO, I'M AFRAID  
YOU'RE A BIT  
LATE.



I  
SEEK ONLY  
**OBLIVION**.



YOU **LIE** ABOUT  
AS WELL AS YOU  
PUNCH. I SEE WHY  
YOU HAVE COME HERE,  
EVEN IF YOU DO  
NOT. GOD OF  
THUNDER.

DO NOT...  
CALL ME THAT  
NAME. I AM  
THE GOD OF  
**NOTHING!**



THEN YOU  
HAVE COME TO  
THE RIGHT PLACE.  
FOR HERE... **ALL** IS  
GODFORSAKEN.



EVEN HIDDEN IN THE VEIL  
BETWEEN DIMENSIONS, THE  
FABLED CITY OF K'UN-LUN HAD  
NOT BEEN SPARED THE WRATH  
OF THE MASTERS OF EVIL.

LIKE THE REALMS  
OF GOD AND MEN, SO  
TOO HAD FALLEN THE  
MYSTIC CITADEL OF  
IMMORTALS.

ONLY THE THUNDERER  
REMAINED. LAST  
GUARDIAN OF  
K'UN-LUN'S ASHES.

AND THE SOLE KEY TO  
THE *HIDDEN SPARK* OF  
ITS ANCIENT POWER.

OUR ARMIES  
FOUGHT VALIANTLY  
FOR DAYS, BUT ONCE  
THE *IRON FIST*  
FELL...

...IT RIPPED  
THE HEARTS OUT OF  
THE OTHERS.  
INCLUDING *ME*.

THE INVADERS  
*BURNED* ALL THAT  
THEY FOUND HERE,  
FLESH AND STONE  
ALIKE.

BUT IN  
THEIR HURRIED  
HUNGER FOR MORE  
CARNAGE, THEY DID  
NOT SEEM TO  
REALIZE...

...THAT ONE  
CANNOT BURN  
A *DRAGON*.





BEHIND THESE DOORS LIE THE LAST SMOLDERING EMBERS OF K'UN-LUN'S MAJESTY.

THE IMMORTAL DRAGON **SHOU-LAO**. WEAKENED, BUT ALIVE AND SLEEPING THE SLEEP OF **REGENERATION**.

IT IS FROM THE HEART OF SHOU-LAO THE UNDYING THAT THE GREATEST WEAPON IN ALL THE HEAVENS WAS BIRTHED. THE ALMIGHTY **IRON FIST**.



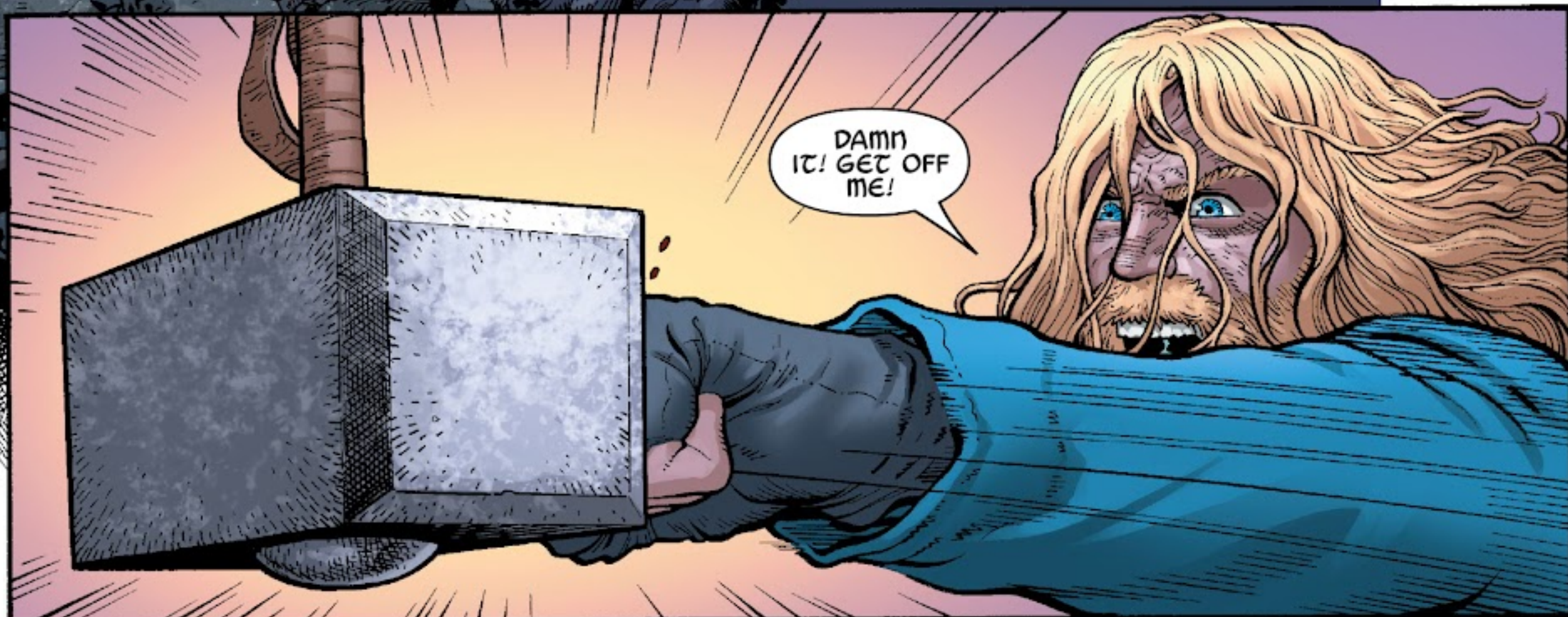
BUT THAT POWER IS NOW WITHOUT A **LIVING VESSEL**.

TELL ME, THOR, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO HAVE REVENGE UPON THOSE WHO BURNED THE HEAVENS?

ME? BUT... ALL I HAVE EVER BEEN...IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY... IS **UNWORTHY**.



BUMP



DAMN IT! GET OFF ME!



UNWORTHY OF ONE WEAPON, PERHAPS. BUT IT COULD BE THAT YOUR HANDS WEREN'T MEANT FOR LIFTING HAMMERS.

YOU'RE SAYING... YOU'LL **TRAIN** ME TO BECOME THE **IRON FIST**?

I'D SAY YOUR TRAINING HAS ALREADY **BEGUN**.



HIT THE HAMMER AGAIN.



THE HAMMER WAS MADE  
OF *URU*. RUBBLE FROM  
THE ROCK OF CREATION.



STRONGEST  
SUBSTANCE IN ALL  
THE REALMS.

STRONG ENOUGH  
TO BREAK WORLDS--

--AS EASILY AS  
IT BROKE THE  
BONES OF GODS.





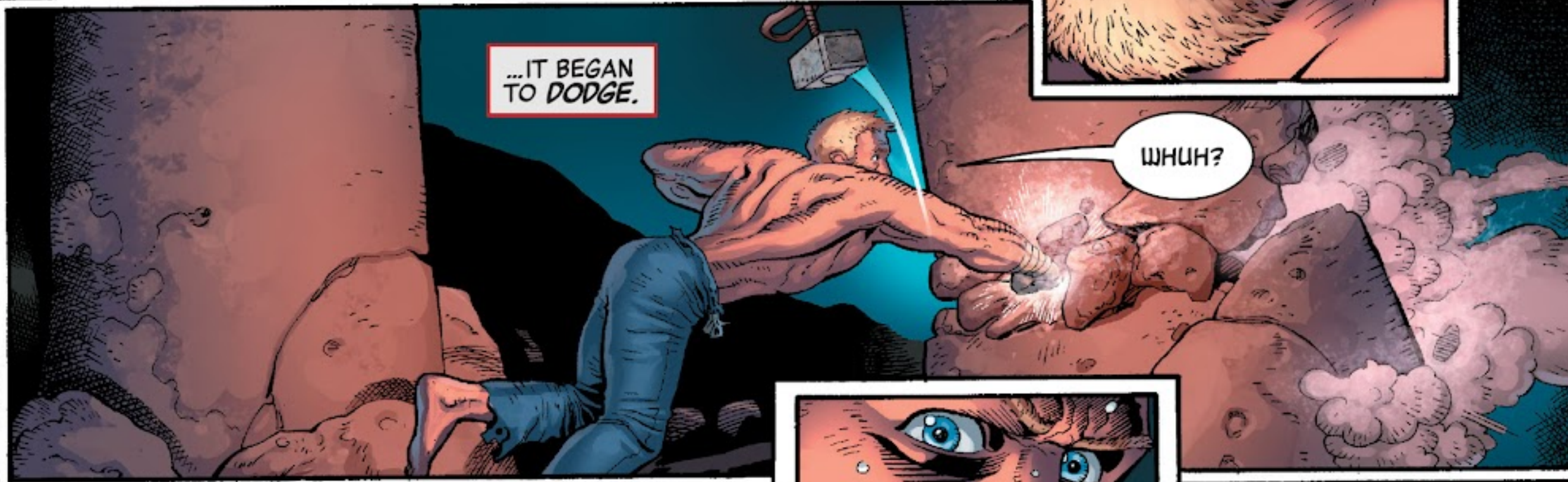
AFTER THIRTY DAYS AND NIGHTS OF PUNCHING THE UNMOVABLE MJOLNIR, THOR'S FISTS BECAME HAMMERS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.



HAMMERS OF SCAR TISSUE AND FOCUSED FURY.



AFTER ANOTHER THIRTY DAYS, MJOLNIR BEGAN TO *QUIVER*. TO CREAK WITH EVERY BLOW, AS IF GROANING. AND THEN...



...IT BEGAN TO *DODGE*.

WHUH?



ALMOST AS IF...THOR'S PUNCHES HAD MADE THE HAMMER KNOW *PAIN*.

THIS THOUGHT *DELIGHTED* THOR AND ENCOURAGED HIM TO PUNCH IT EVEN *HARDER*.



THAT WAS WHEN  
THE HAMMER  
STOPPED DODGING.

AND BEGAN  
FIGHTING BACK.

KRAK KRAK KRAK

DO YOU  
HEAR THAT,  
THOR?!

THAT ISN'T  
THUNDER!

THAT IS  
THE SOUND OF A  
HAMMER QUAKING  
IN *FEAR*!

IT THINKS  
YOU CAN BE  
BEATEN BY A BIT  
OF BLUSTER!

IT  
THINKS YOU  
UNWORTHY!

SHOW IT,  
THOR! SHOW  
IT WHAT KIND OF  
GOD YOU ARE!

YOU'RE  
NOT THE GOD  
OF WIND AND  
RAIN!

YOU'RE  
NOT THE GOD  
OF STORMS!





YOU'RE  
THE GOD WHO  
**PUNCHES**  
THEM!





YOU'VE **BEATEN** IT.  
BROKEN THE HAMMER'S  
SPIRIT, LIKE A WILD  
STALLION NOW READY  
FOR A SADDLE.

AFTER ALL  
THOSE TIMES YOU  
TRIED AND FAILED...  
NOW THAT IT FINALLY  
LIES HUMBLER AT  
YOUR FEET...

...WILL  
YOU **CLAIM**  
IT?

WILL  
YOU LIFT YOUR  
HAMMER?



no.

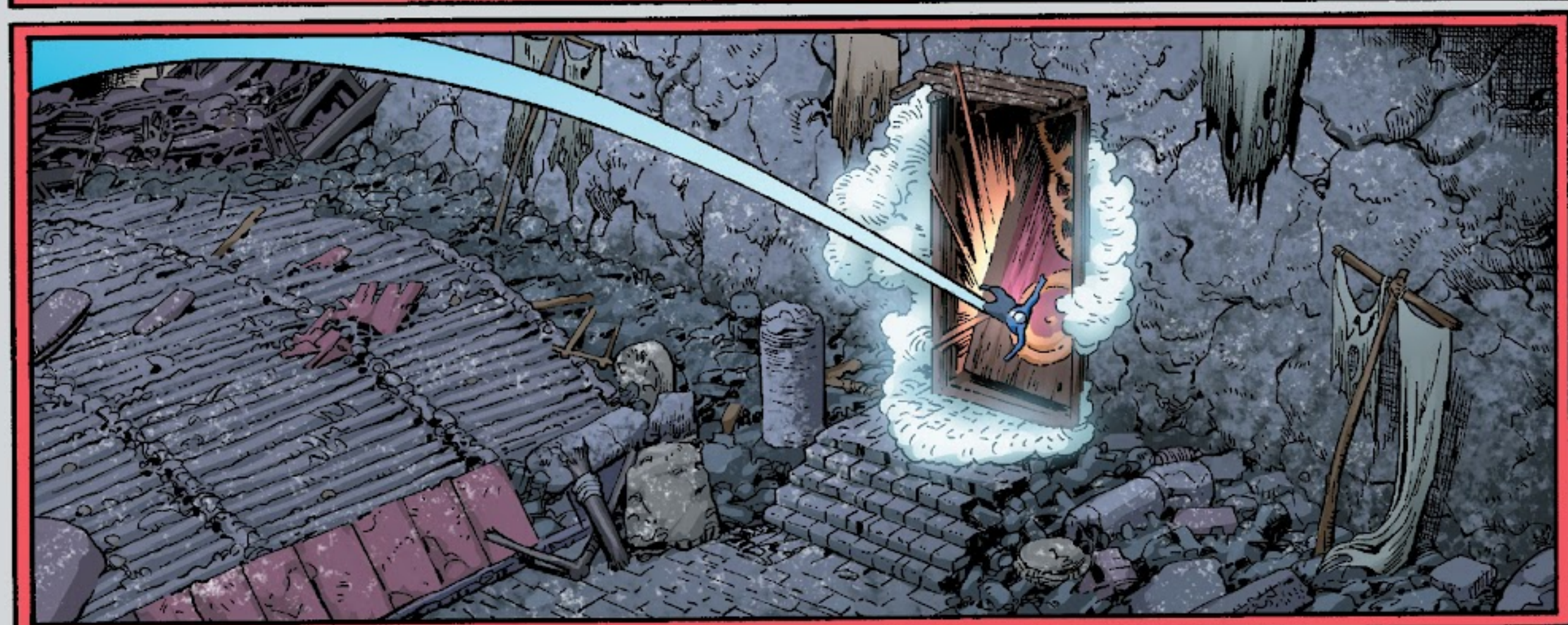
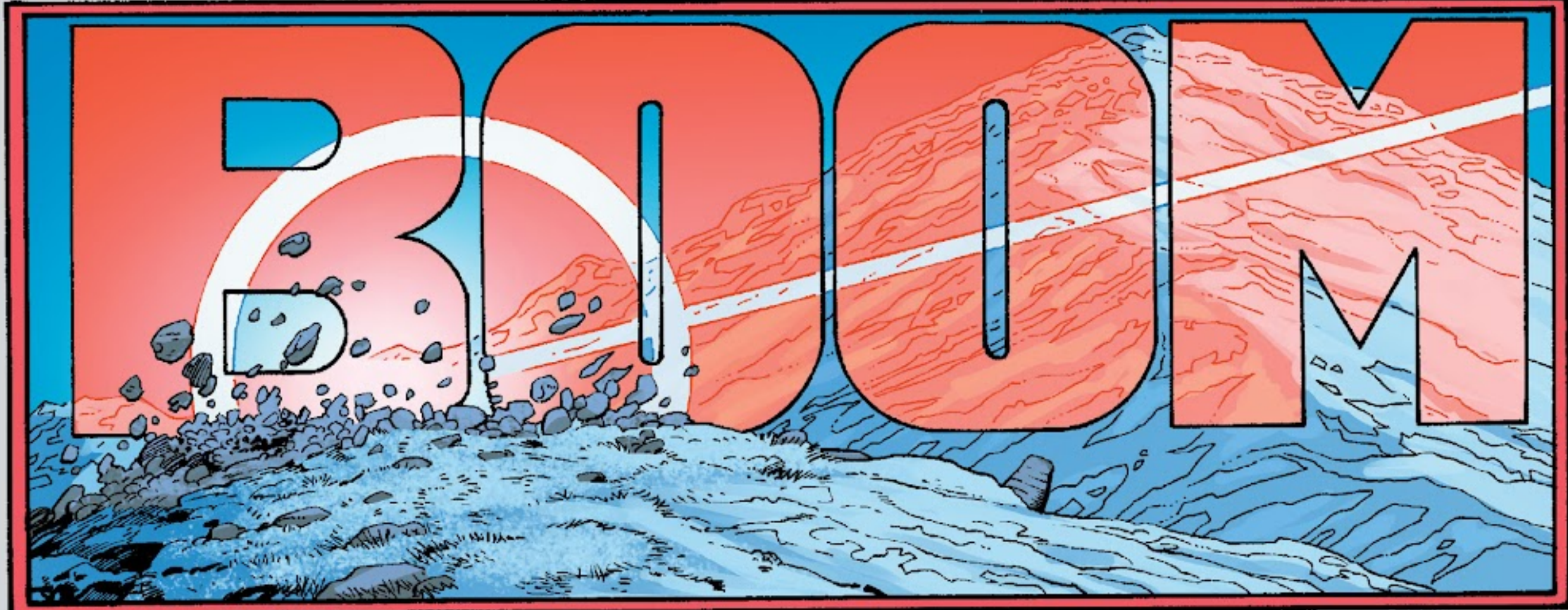


GOOD.

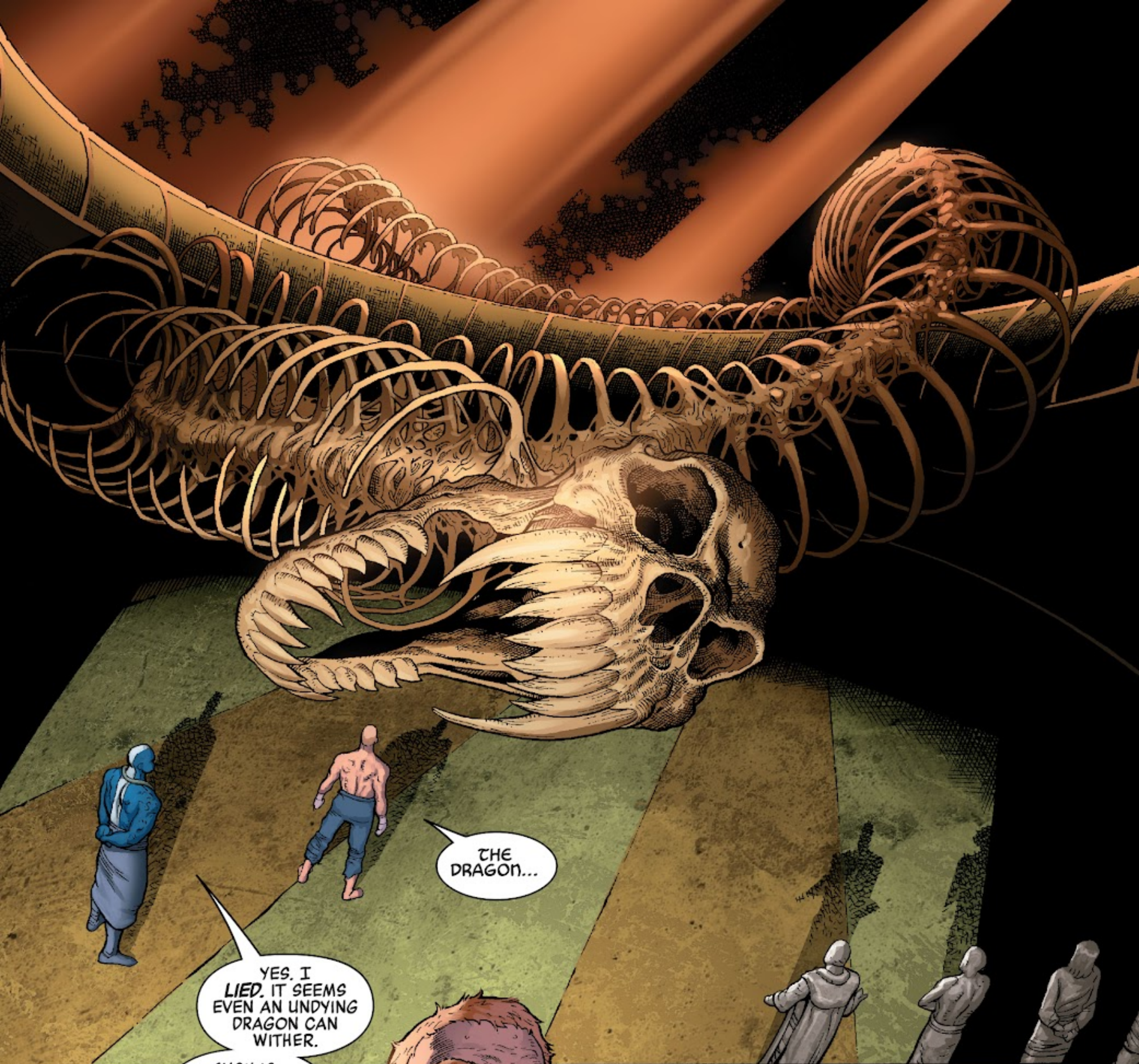












THE  
DRAGON...

YES. I  
**LIED**. IT SEEMS  
EVEN AN UNDYING  
DRAGON CAN  
WITHER.

SUCH IS  
THE AWFUL  
MIGHT OF THE  
FOES YOU MUST  
NOW FACE.

SO THE  
POWER OF THE  
IRON FIST...

WAS NEVER  
MEANT TO BE YOURS,  
ASGARDIAN. I WASN'T  
TRAINING YOU TO WIELD  
**ANY** WEAPON,  
THOR...

...OTHER THAN  
THE ONES YOU  
WERE **BORN**  
WITH.

THE WEAPONS  
THAT SPEAK LOUDER  
THAN THUNDER.

USE THEM  
WELL, OH MIGHTY  
THOR.



"GOD OF  
FISTS."

CRACKLE

YES. YOU  
MAY COME,  
MJOLNIR.

JUST  
STAY OUT OF  
MY WAY.

AND NO, I  
DON'T HAVE  
ANY IDEA HOW  
WE'LL--







LET ME  
GUESS. YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR  
A *RIDE*.

WELL,  
YOU'RE IN  
LUCK, BIG  
FELLA...

...BECAUSE  
WE WERE JUST  
LOOKING FOR  
A *THOR*.





# NEXT

**"CALL OUT  
THE CORPS!"**



Earths lie in ruin all across the Multiverse. **Avengers** are assembling from every corner of creation as never before, knowing that the war of all wars is looming. And when there's war, you know it's time to call out the Corps. The most hard-hitting special-ops squadron of elite highfliers and photon-armed commandos ever called to service: **the Carol Corps!**

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